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BY C. W. WILLARD.

MONTPELIER, VT., MONDAY, AUGUST 19, 1861.

PRICE. TWO CENTS

TO HORSE OWNERS!

Dr. Bryden's HORSE AND CATTLE MEDICINES.

Which have been most successfully used in my own practice throughout Vermont and New England for several years, are now offered TO THE PUBLIC, for the rapid cure of all diseases incident to

HORSES AND CATTLE.

Held Keepers, Livery Stable Keepers, Horse Buyers, Stage Drivers, Carriers, and Farmers in every section, are aware of the success that has attended the use of these medicines whenever I have used them, and I now offer them in full confidence that they will prove the "need-satisfied cure" for all horse and cattle owners' use.

W. M. BRYDEN,
Veterinary Surgeon.

North Craftsbury, Vt.

These medicines consist of

Dr. Bryden's Condition Powders,

For Horses and Cattle out of condition—

DR. BRYDEN'S

Cough or Heave Powder,

For Coughs, Heaves or Broken Wind.

DR. BRYDEN'S URINE POWDER,

For Stopping of Water or too scanty discharges.

DR. BRYDEN'S

Embrocation & Liniment,

Will cure Sore Throats and Horse Distemper, swelled necks, sore shins, sprains, cramps, and lameness of every description, in the shortest possible time.

Dr. Bryden's Bone Compound,

For Ring Bone, splint, or any enlargement on the bone, from kick, blow or any other cause. This compound will stop the growth of the enlargement, and enable the horse to use his limb as usual. It has always effected the cure of this valuable compound.

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For Corns and Thrush. Wonderful cures of the worst cases have been performed with this excellent remedy. No article in use can be compared with this for Corns, Thrush, Foul in Cattle, and foot rot in sheep.

Dr. Bryden's SPECIFIC for SCRATCHES,

NEVER FAILS! NEVER FAILS!

It will entirely cure the hardest cases of Scratches, scalds, chafes, and it will surely cure. Also for itching or rubbing off of Hair, and cause rapid growth of hair wherever applied.

DR. BRYDEN'S

Hoof Compound,

For Cracks, Thrush, in case of contracted feet, flat feet, and all other diseases of the hoof.

DR. BRYDEN

As is well known by horse owners in Vermont, that it is unnecessary to say anything of his universal success in treating all diseases of Horses & Cattle. And in presenting these medicines prepared with the greatest care from his receipts, we have only to say to such as have seen his remedies used.

You know what they will do to all who have HORSES and CATTLE in their care, you have only to give them a single trial to be fully convinced that they are

THE BEST REMEDIES

Ever sold in Vermont.

Full directions with each package.

PRICE ONLY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

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FRED. E. SMITH, DRUGGIST

Montpelier, Vermont.

SMITH'S

ANODYNE

COUGH DROPS

Has stood the test of a

Ten Year's Trial,

and is now acknowledged

THE BEST IN USE.

It has the fullest confidence of its patrons, and over 60,000 Bottles

having been sold in Vermont is a guarantee of its efficacy.

The Price is within the

Reach of All.

so that the poorest families in town need never be without this most

VALUABLE REMEDY.

To prevent the sad consequences of a hard cold or hacking cough, be prompt to procure

The Anodyne Cough Drops,

For it always cures.

PHYSICIANS

use in all parts of the State, use it in their practice and in their own families.

They say it is excellent for

COUGHS COLDS, CROUP,

ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, &c.

And this is the universal voice of people who use it.

As a FAMILY MEDICINE, for sudden colds, for children and for aged people who cough and are kept awake at night, we so very believe there is no so

GOOD AND RELIABLE REMEDY

In the land, we can such men as

Dr. Clark, Dr. Bigelow, Hon. E. P. Walton, Dr. Smith, Dr. Huber, Hon. D. P. Thompson, Capt. Jewett, Dea. W. W. Stiles, Ellis & Hatch.

Give the highest recommendations for its use we ask

WHO CAN DOUBT IT!

FATHER HOBART,

The Oldest Minister in New England,

and his strongest recommendation of its efficacy and for

LAST, BUT NOT LEAST,

You can run no risk, for every bottle is

Warranted!

PRICE 25 CENTS.

FRED. E. SMITH, Proprietor

Montpelier, Vt.

PAINTS!

Those who want

PURE

Paints and Oils

AT THE LOWEST PRICES,

can find the largest assortment in Vermont, at the

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OF

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MIDDLESEX OIL.

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MIDDLESEX OIL.

As certain parties in Montpelier have for years past sold inferior Oil as being of my manufacture, I deem it necessary, and have opened an Office at

L. F. PIERCE'S

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for the sale of my

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All who wish Oil of the best quality, and

Perfectly Pure!

can get it at my Office in Montpelier, at the

LOWEST PRICES.

Merchants, Painters, and those who buy by the Barrel or more, shall have it at Factory price, delivered at my Office in Montpelier.

L. F. PIERCE, Agent.

ENOS STILES, May 9

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—AT—

J. W. ELLIS & CO'S.

50 doz. Scythes, Warranted. 50 doz. Snaths of all kinds. 25 doz. Forks, two and three tines. 25 doz. W. Montpelier, June 24, 1861.

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ANODYNE

COUGH

DROPS

Have been before the people of Vermont for more than ten years, and a sale of more than 60,000 Bottles is the best recommendation of the people.

PHYSICIANS!

MINISTERS!

AND PEOPLE.

use Smith's Anodyne Cough Drops, with the utmost satisfaction!

THE OLDEST

MINISTER IN

NEW ENGLAND.

THE REV. FATHER HOBART,

has used it for many years, and recommends its use in the strongest terms.

MOTHERS USE IT FOR

CHILDREN

TEETHING

and it proves to them the one thing needful, in every case.

RICH AND POOR.

HIGH AND LOW.

OLD AND YOUNG

SHOULD USE

SMITH'S ANODYNE COUGH DROPS

Only 25 cents per bottle.

FRED. E. SMITH, Druggist, Proprietor.

MONTPELIER, VT.

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Middlesex Oil!

I have this day purchased

RAW AND BOILED OIL

Of Mr. ENOS STILES, Middlesex, Vt., which I will sell to Painters, Paint Dealers and Builders, at the lowest market prices.

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The True Raw and Boiled

MIDDLESEX OIL

cannot be found at every place. So call for all your

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Japan Spirits, Tur-

pentine, Brushes, &c.,

at the Drug Store of

FRED. E. SMITH,

Montpelier, Vt.

BOSTON JOURNAL,

MORNING AND EVENING EDITION

For sale at the Publisher's price, by the subscriber, under J. E. LANGDON'S Flour Store, or delivered to Village subscribers at their residences. Also, at by Stage or otherwise, out of town.

Montpelier, May 25, 1861.

EA. ASWERT.

Miscellany.

Consolation from a Child.

It was on a dark, rainy afternoon of last October, while the winds were stripping the trees of their last withered leaves, that a Christian man received a letter from one of the most eminent physicians in Philadelphia, whither his wife had resorted for medical treatment, conveying the assurance that a disease which might and finally must prove fatal, had fastened itself on his beloved companion. This opinion had for some time been anticipated by him, but only as a possibility, and now a dark cloud settled suddenly on him. He strove to realize the Savior's presence and love, and find a conscious support and sympathy in this; but he could only feel sure that God is good and gracious. A covering of cloud was over him, while he looked into a dark, dark valley before him, through which a loved one was about to pass. The shadows of twilight were gathering. His two little children had laid aside their childish sports, and were seated with him at the tea table, cheerfully talking of an absent mother whose return was daily expected, but only as his father now knew, soon again to leave them on that last journey from which there is no return. They knew not his thoughts and feelings, as he gave them their meal, reminded by the vacant chair that soon she who had occupied it would leave it forever. The meal was over, and he sat in silence and darkness of soul, wondering at what God had brought before him, and gazing at the messenger who, in definite form, was seen drawing near his beloved partner.

Soon, his little daughter, who is not yet four years old, climbed upon his knees, and nestling her head on his bosom, told, as was her custom, of her little doings through the day. Her father heard the words, but did not give them the usual attention. But one thought occupied his mind. Looking to the future, he was striving to see light beyond the grave, and his silent prayer was—"O God, my Savior, send forth thy light from thy presence, where sin and sorrow never enter!" O Thou who art acquainted with grief, give thy servant light on this mysterious path! When his little daughter, breaking from her previous prattle, said, "Papa, must we go through death's dark vale to get to Heaven?" Now he heard her and answered, "Yes, my dear," when she added, "but we will not fear any evil, will we?"

The fountain of her father's heart was now opened, and the cloud of darkness was dispersed. The light which he had been seeking broke upon him, and made even the dark vale radiant with the brightness of Heaven. He caught up the words of David in the eighth Psalm, "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent in all the earth, is thy name!" Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, hast thou ordained strength, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

The shadows of evening were closing over earth. Father and child were silent for a time. She saw not his face, and knew not to what he was applying her words, but she felt the heavings of his bosom, as her head rested upon it, and caught the falling tears on her upturned face; and as if with a quick sympathy taught by a heavenly teacher, she again spoke—"But, papa, our heavenly father knows what is best for us in everything—doesn't he, papa?"

Sympathizing friend—experienced Christian—learned divine! What could have been said more fitting—more instructing—more sympathizing—more cheering?

All narrated is strictly true. How precious is our Savior's love! How constant, and tender, and compassionate is his care!

How wonderful is his way of speaking to his servants! How precious is his truth, and how precious in this instance, his ministering child!

The Dark Side.

It was strange what a "faculty" that woman, Mrs. Rufus Mitchell, had, for looking on the dark side of things. She managed to find it everywhere. The fairest May morning which ever rose out of the night, with its great pink and white vases of apple blossoms, with its golden wine of sunlight, and its singing birds filling the new day with their praise, had always a "little chill in the air, a little dampness under foot, or a small black cloud in the east, that promised rain," to the vision of Mrs. Rufus Mitchell.

And this eye for the moths and the mole-hills she carried into every relation and circumstance in life. She could not—no, she would not see the silver linings, nor catch the sunbeams which brighten every life—not that the lot which had fallen to Mrs. Rufus Mitchell was a peculiarly hard or unfortunate one; but she made a continual penance of every day, with her sighings and complaining, and general lugubriousness.

She was like a continual "rainy day" in her household, and her husband and her children were the victims of mental and moral dyspepsia. It was just her luck that nothing should ever turn out well, on which she set her hand or heart. Nothing that was ever brought into the house was right, and let the wheels of her household economy run as smoothly as they would, Mrs. Rufus Mitchell always found some jar in the machinery. She was a devoted wife and mother, she was a generous neighbor, and on the whole, a kind hearted, well-meaning woman; but this habit of incessant fault-finding—of seeing trouble in the present, and clouds and darkness in the future, soured, and rusted, and midwinded her life.

Then she was always imagining herself slighted or aggrieved by her neighbors—always fancying some innuendo or effort was intended by others. She always gave her friends credit for the worst motive, where they ought to have had at least the "benefit of a doubt." And of course she was very acute in detecting all the small faults and defects of character. She never came out with a generous, whole-souled, unqualifiedly good verdict about anything. And though Mrs. Rufus Mitchell was a plain uncultivated woman, yet she is a typical representative of so large a class of her sex, that we have chosen her to illustrate it.

Dear readers, it is a miserable, miserable habit, this continual looking on the dark side of things. If you are in any danger of falling into it, get rid of it somehow—shake it off before its blight falls on your life! All their flavor and sweetness will be destroyed, if you go sighing along the hours, and looking persistently upon your trials. Close your eyes to them, where they are inevitable, and carry your thoughts away from them, just as far as is possible.

You will have enough to bear. God knows that the brightest human life which ever rounded itself through threescore years and ten, was full enough of disappointment, and weariness and suffering; but that is no valid reason for despair. We must do the best that we can, and trust in God for the rest; and there is enough in the life that now is, and in the death that is to come, if viewed from the right standpoint, to keep any human being from settled despondency. Be sure that Eternal Love and Wisdom are about you—that to this every morning bears its sweet testimonies, and every evening declares it, and the wrong will all be made well for those who love God and keep his commandments.

Cast off your burdens, then. Linger no more in any sloughs of Despond. Cultivate a brisk, cheerful habit of speaking, of thinking, of feeling. There is neither common sense, nor religion in any other—only folly and sin.

Be generous and large hearted, and don't see, any farther than you can help, the petty faults, and weaknesses, and follies, which blur and warp the best and noblest characters. Don't be fretted and stung by every little "mosquito bite" of envy and gossip, which you may feel, but carry your soul cheerful and serene above the small buzz about you; for if there is much to dread and fear in life, there may be, after all, more over which to be happy and confident.

Finally, said the minister, as we school-girls gathered around him, at the close of the pleasant Sabbath afternoon, "there was a bird and a buzzard started from the same point to fly over a certain tract of country. And the bird went full of songs, dropping through the still air the golden rain of his notes, and in all its way there was not a single flower opening its vase of perfume to the winds, nor a green breadth of grass, nor a spray of leaves—there was not a fair, or gracious, or beautiful, in all its flight, which that bird did not see, where its bright wings did not alight for a moment, and for which its song of recognition and praise insert the air with more jubilant notes as it passed on its way.

And after the bird came the buzzard, and the harsh greedy hum of its voice followed the song as its black wings did the bright ones of the bird; making a black spot through the brightness of the day. And in its way there was no pool, green and tainting the air with its breadth of misma—there was no damp marsh, no foul or unseemly spot, no dead carion or noisome place, which the gloating eye of the buzzard did not find out, where he did not alight, and in which his unclean tastes did not revel. Now girls, which will you carry through life, the bird's eyes or the buzzard's?"—Home Magazine.

A LAWYER'S ELOQUENCE—A young lawyer lately concluded his argument in a case of trespass with the following sublime burst:—"If, gentlemen of the jury, the defendant's bogs are permitted to roam at large over the fair fields of my client, with impunity and without pokes, then—yes, then, indeed, have our forefathers fought, and bled, and died in vain."

From the Christian Messenger

Learning Children to Lie.

BRO. WEBSTER:—It is hoped that there are very few parents so degraded as to teach their offspring directly, to utter falsehoods, and yet, it is feared there are many, even among professors of religion, whose influence has a strong tendency to plant within their tender mind, principles of untruthfulness. Parents not unfrequently make promises to their children which they have no idea of performing; and this course persisted in, will lead to the loss of confidence in the parent, with the impression that if it is right for the parent to falsify their word, it may be right also for them. In the neighborhood where I resided many years ago, there lived a family of several children, the mother of which was a member of an Evangelical Church. On one occasion she learned that her two oldest children were in the habit of dancing when at school, in the hours of recess. She was much alarmed, and tried to dissuade them from the practice, and finally told them if they danced any more their arms would fall off. This checked them for a little season, for they thought it would be a sad affair to lose their arms; but it seems they had some doubts of the assertion, and thought they would try it in a sly way. So, one day they went to the barn, and commenced dancing, it may be supposed, with a little trepidation at first, but finding their arms still retained their natural position, without the least appearance of being separated from their bodies, they ran to the house and exultingly exclaimed, "Mother, we have been dancing, and our arms didn't fall off either."

On another occasion, her little Abram, a boy of four or five years of age came into the room in a whining mood, and wanted something to eat. The mother handed him a piece of nice, white bread and butter, when with a blow from his hand, he sent it whirling across the room. "Why, Abram!" exclaimed the mother, "if you do that again, I shall certainly whip you." The food was again presented to him by the fond mother, when it was again struck from her hand as before; but instead of performing what she had promised, she fondly exclaimed, "Aby is sick, isn't he? Won't he have some rum and molasses?"

As might be expected with such training, these children grew up with principles of dishonesty early implanted in their bosoms, by an injudicious mother, and very many have been made to suffer in consequence of their dishonesty.

How careful ought parents and guardians to be, to instill correct principles within the youthful breast! Several very good maxims have been given from time to time with regard to the early training of children, some of which it may not be amiss to rehearse: "Never deceive a child." "Never utter a command which you do not care to have obeyed, and be sure that obedience is secured whenever a command is given."

L. B. P.

A Dialogue Between an American Missionary and a Heathen Man.

BY J. GROUSE.

Missionary. You are sinners, and you must repent of your sins, believe in Jesus Christ and be saved.

Heathen. Who is Jesus Christ?

M. He is the Son of God. He came into this world and died on the cross, that poor sinners might be saved from their sins and have a home in heaven, over eight hundred years ago.

H. If this is so, and you have known it, why have you not long ago come and told us?

M. Oh! we could not get the money to come with.

H. But have you not plenty of money in your country?

M. [Hesitatingly.] Oh!—yes—but—but, then it is spent for something else.

H. But for what else?

M. [In a fix, but the truth must be told.] Well, \$40,000,000 is spent for tobacco annually.

H. And how much for preaching the Gospel?

M. Well, about \$6,000,000.

H. And what does this tobacco do for your people? make them better Christians. I suppose.

M. Oh! no; it makes them filthy and nervous.

H. [Astounded.] And do your Christian people think so much more of their tobacco, that makes them filthy and nervous, than they do of our souls?

M. [Puzzled.] Well, as to that I can not say; but it is a fact that there is about seven times as much money paid out for tobacco as there is for preaching the Gospel.

The above is a true picture. Read it and think of it.—Religious Telescope, Brookfield, Mass., August.